

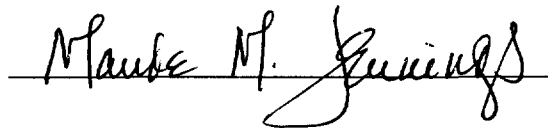
Butterfly Wishes: A Children's Book about Sexual Abuse

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

Allison R. Whitaker

Ms. Maude M. Jennings

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Maude M. Jennings". The signature is written over a horizontal line.

Ball State University

Muncie, Indiana

June, 2002

June 14, 2002

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## Abstract

This children's book, entitled Butterfly Wishes (*Mariposas Esperantes*) is a bilingual story about sexual abuse. Its purpose is to teach children to seek guidance if they have been sexually abused, and to prevent that abuse from happening entirely. Also included in this project are an informative brochure, resources, and material that inspired the author to create this work. The brochure instructs parents, teachers, and caregivers on the ways to prevent sexual abuse and explains the lessons behind the actual text. It also includes internet, phone, and textual resources designed to help the reader learn more about the topic. Inspirational materials include internet resources, poetry, and past coursework. Together, it is an accumulation of the author's undergraduate career including a psychological aspect, a creative overtone, and a focus on children; these are the areas covered in the author's major, extracurricular activities, and internship.

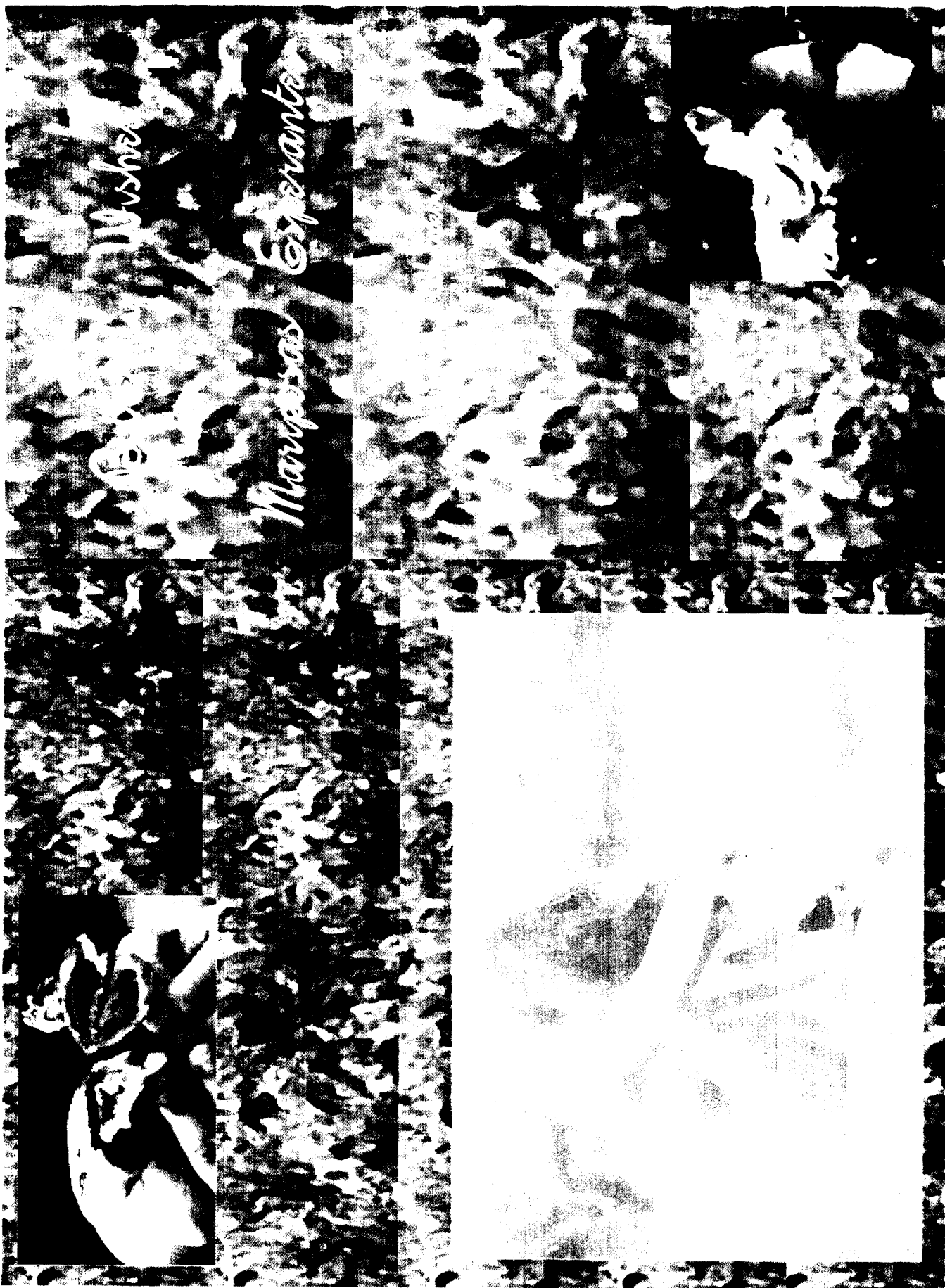
## Acknowledgements

The author would like to thank so many people for their help in the success of this book. Her thesis advisor's gentle guidance, caring manner, and patience were greatly appreciated. Her professor and friend at the Department helped more than he could ever imagine, with his reassurance, wisdom, and support. Her best friends, who modeled and proofread, were an integral part of the process. And finally, many thanks to the children, who have shared with her the bitter stories that became this book.

*Development:* *The process of writing and illustrating*

*Butterfly Wishes / Mariposas Esperantes*

- i. Final draft of the work*
  - ii. Early drafts of the text*
  - iii. Early illustrations*
  - iv. Photography used in final illustrations*
  - v. Outlines of work completed*
  - vi. Inspirations for the work*
-



Wish

Mariposas Esperantes

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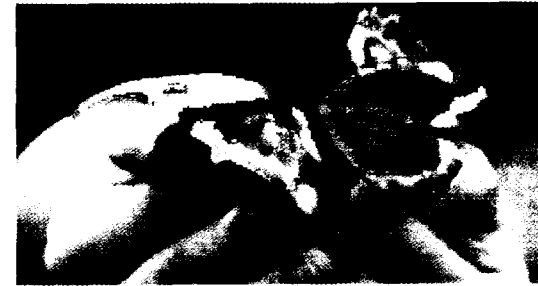
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I wish to give special thanks to all of my friends,  
little and big,  
old and new,  
and especially, the survivors.

I would also like to thank my generous,  
wise,  
patient advisors.

But most of all thanks to you,  
little one.  
You know who you are.



This book is dedicated to the children.

- A. Whitaker



)

Sentía como una  
mariposa,  
En su cuerpo y en su  
espíritu.

Su estómago sentaba  
tremulo, como una  
mariposa, Parecería como  
las estaba todo el tiempo.

Y a noche, cuando le  
hería, sentía como  
sencillamente volaba de u  
cuerpo.

Como había aleteado  
arriba, mirando que había  
pasando la debajo.

)

pl.

She felt like a butterfly  
On her inside,  
And on her outside.

She had butterflies in her  
stomach,  
Seemed like they were  
always there.

And then at night,  
When he hurt her,  
She felt like she just flew  
right out of her body.

Like she was fluttering  
above,  
Watching what was  
happening down there.

4-5





La decía que sería  
correcto, que se iba  
especial.

La decía la iba un regalo,  
que esa fue que los  
hacían padres cuando  
amaban muchos sus  
hijitas.

La aprendía olvidar,  
fingir que no la pasaba.

She was told it was right,  
that she was special.

She was told it was a gift,  
that this is what daddies  
did

When they really loved  
their little girls.

She learned to forget, to  
pretend it didn't happen.

6-7

Spang!

But then,

There was something wrong with

With what he said

He said not to tell mommy,

Not to tell anyone what was

happening -

Why she got butterflies

her stomach eat

Why she

Ever could

He said mommy would h

her.

6-7

3

But then,  
There was something  
wrong with it,  
With what he said.

He said not to tell  
mommy,  
Not to tell anyone what  
happened -

Why she got butterflies  
in her stomach each  
night,  
Why she never, ever  
could sleep.

He said mommy would  
hate her.

4.9

Spring 2 -  
done

~~time down~~  
~~time down~~  
yellow  
add berry  
yanger

22  
left leg  
right leg  
1 person



It was impossible to  
understand,  
But she believed him.  
What choice did she  
have?  
He was her daddy.

And people had hurt her  
like this before,  
Hurt her where she went  
to the bathroom.

They were meaner,  
though,  
When they hurt her, they  
said mean things and  
She wished she were a <sup>was</sup>  
bumblebee.

10 - 11  
baby pic  
&  
hands

Summer ~~1972~~  
⊙  
~~⊙~~ ⊙



12-  
13

After all,  
When they hurt her she  
felt all hummy inside,  
And her ears buzzed.

Sometimes she would  
close her eyes and  
pretend things,  
That she could be sting-  
ey and people would be  
afraid of her,  
Instead of her being  
afraid of them.

She tried to scream,  
To shout out what they  
were doing to her,  
But her mommy didn't  
understand.  
Mommy didn't believe  
her.

Shannon 2  
start key



1  
20



little on  
stars

M-15

fall

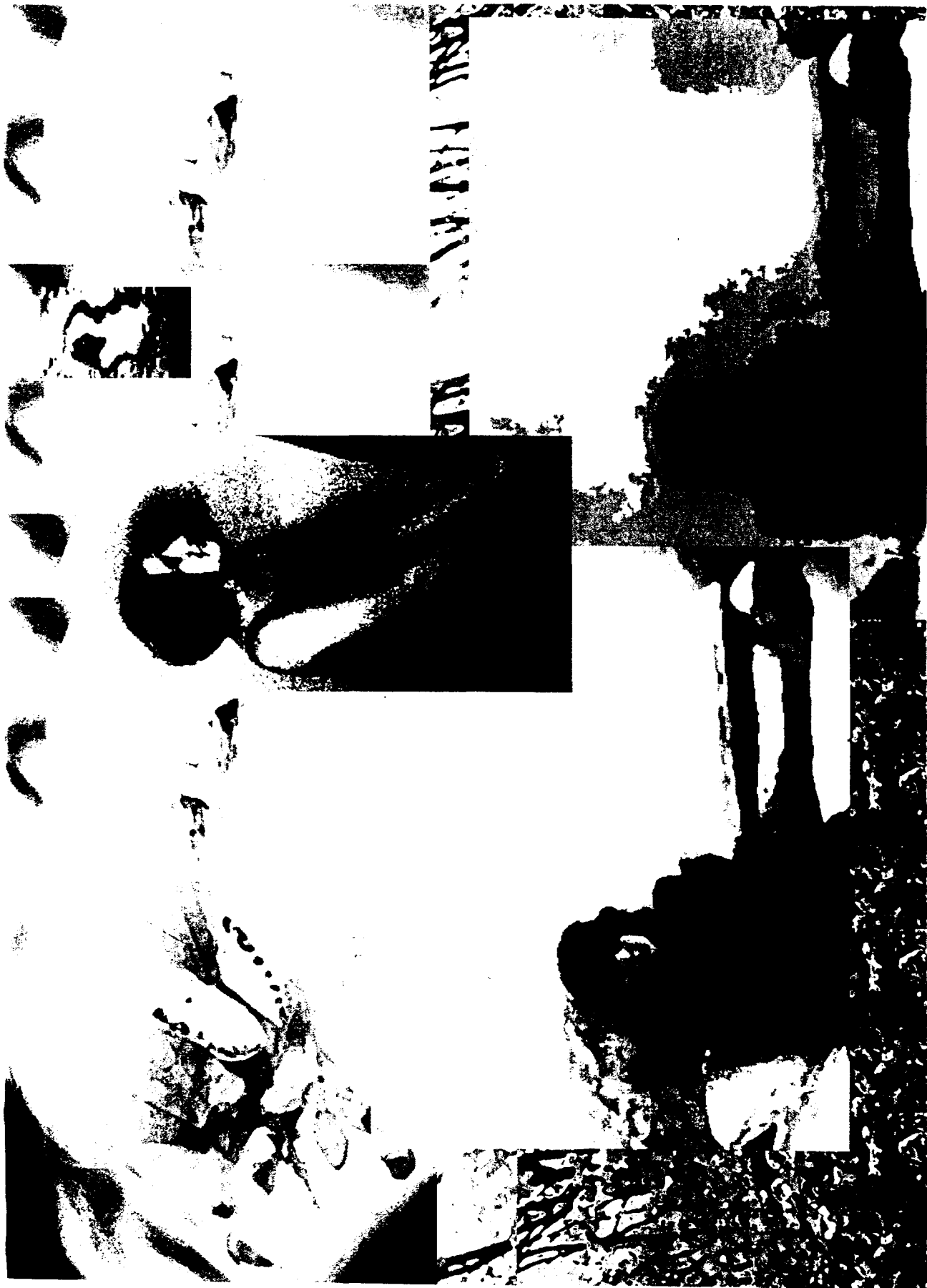
Done + baby

6 6  
So she just kept hiding  
her pain,  
And believing what her  
daddy told her.

She kept on flying away in  
her mind  
While they were hurting  
her body,

and her heart.

You see, no one had told  
this little girl that  
No one had the right to  
hurt her or hit her -  
That grown-ups weren't  
supposed to be like this.  
She deserved people  
being nice to her.  
She shouldn't have to run  
away from pain.



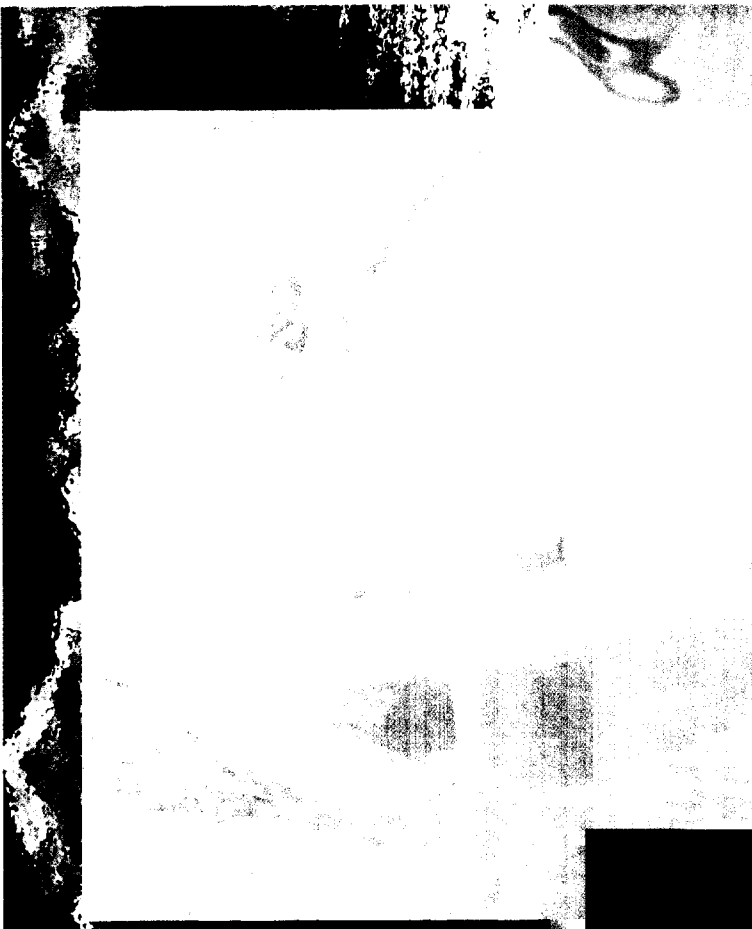


bee mag  
red butterfly  
x lavender baby

11-17

fall 2

Nobody,  
Not even her family,  
Had the right to touch  
her down there  
In a way that made her  
feel  
Flutter in her stomach,  
Or buzzy and fuzzy in her  
ears,  
Or tense in her  
shoulders,  
Or filled with many fears,  
And that if she told  
somebody,  
They might not believe  
her,  
They might tell her not to  
tell anyone else,  
But that was because  
they didn't understand.



18-19

2 Kelly  
pics

Winter / Knight

It was not because she  
was wrong,  
Or because she was bad,  
And she *should* tell  
someone else,

Tell as many someone  
elses as it took  
To stop the nighttime  
flutteries,  
and the scary buzzies.

To stop the people who  
touched her in private  
places  
And hurt her so very  
much.

No one had told her it  
wasn't her fault.

... and

new page

IT WASN'T !



) ) )  
The little girl in the story has a problem, but it isn't her fault. You see, no one has told her she has the right to say no and get away from older people who try to hurt her, or touch her in ways that feel yucky or wrong.

But now, *you* know! And if someone has hurt you, or tries to hurt you, you can say no and you can tell. Tell as many people as it takes to get some help. Someone *will* believe you, here *is* help out there.

If a grown up has hurt your body, touched you in a way that feels bad, threatened you, or told you to keep a secret that feels bad . . .

One that makes you wish you were a butterfly who could fly far away . . .

You don't deserve that, no kid does, *no matter what*.

And you are not alone.

If you, or someone you know, has a problem like the kid in this story, please find a grown-up to tell:

Try . . .

A teacher,

A parent,

A counselor,

An older brother or sister,

A friend's parent,

Or the person reading this book to you.

If you don't know any safe, trusted grown-ups, here are some numbers to call:

1-800-SAFE-KIDS or 1-800-HELPLINE

And please remember,

You are not alone.

You are *not* alone.

*You are not alone.*

20-21



La niñita en la historia tiene un problema, pero lo no es su falta. Ves, nadie le ha dicho que tiene el derecho de decir << No >> y alejarse de la gente más vieja quien intentan hacerla daño, o tocarla de los modos que sienten miedo o mal.

¡Pero ahora, tu sabes! Y si alguien le has hecho daño, o intenta hacerle daño, puedes decir << No! >> y puedes contarle un adulto. Diles a tanto personas como es necesario para conseguirle ayuda. Alguien le creerá, está ayuda ahí. Si un crecido has hecho daño a su cuerpo, has tocado en una manera que siente mala, has amenazado, o le ha dicho guardar un secreto que se siente mal... El que le hace desear que eras una mariposa quien podría volar a lo lejos... No mereces esto, ningún niño lo merece, cueste lo que cueste.

Y no eres solo.

Si tu, o alguien que conoces, tienes un problema como el niño en esta historia, por favor encuentre a un adulto contando: Intento...

Un maestro,

Un padre,

Un consejero,

Un hermano más viejo,

La mamá de un amigo,

O la persona que está leyendo este libro a ti.

Si no conoces a ningunos adultos salvos, aquí están algunos números para llamarse:

1-800-SAFE-KIDS o 1-800-HELPLINE

Y por favor recuerda,

No estás solo.

No estás solo.

No estás solo.



**Butterfly Wishes**  
*Mariposas Esperantes*

**Sentía como una mariposa,  
En su cuerpo y en su espíritu.**

**Su estómago sentaba tremulo, como una mariposa, parecería como las estaba todo el tiempo.**

**Y a noche, cuando le hería, sentía como sencillamente volaba de su cuerpo.**

**Como había aleteado arriba, mirando que había pasando la debajo.**

She felt like a butterfly  
On her inside,  
And on her outside.

She had butterflies in her stomach,  
Seemed like they were always there.

And then at night,  
When he hurt her,  
She felt like she just flew right out of her body.

Like she was fluttering above,  
Watching what was happening down there.

La decía que sería corecto, que se iba especial.

La decía la iba un regalo, que esa fue que los hacían padres  
cuando amaban muchos sus hijitas.

La aprendía olvidar, fingir que no la pasaba.

She was told it was right, that she was special.

She was told it was a gift, that this is what daddies did  
when they really loved their little girls.

She learned to forget, to pretend it didn't happen.

Pero, iba algo malo como eso, como que lo decía.

La decía no contar, a mama, no contar a nadie que había pasado –

Por que la había entrado mariposas en su estomago cada noche,  
Por que no puede dormir nunca.

La dijo que mamá vaya a odiar.

But then,  
There was something wrong with it,  
With what he said.

He said not to tell mommy,  
Not to tell anyone what was happening –  
Why she got butterflies in her stomach each night,  
Why she never, ever could sleep.

He said mommy would hate her.

Iba imposible entender, pero lo creía.  
¿Tiene una escogimiento?  
Iba su taita.

Y personas la hubiera herido como ese antes,  
La hubiera herido donde iba al baño.

Pero, ellos iban más ruin,  
cuando la herirían, decían cosas ruinas  
y ella deseaba estaba una abeja.

It was impossible to understand,  
But she believed him.  
What choice did she have?  
He was her daddy.

And people had hurt her like this before,  
Hurt her where she went to the bathroom.

They were meaner, though,  
When they hurt her, they said mean things and  
She wished she were a bumblebee.

Despues de todo,  
Cuando la herían sentía muy  
zumbazóna en su cuerpo,  
Y sus orejas murmuraban.

Algunas veces se cerraría sus ojos  
y pretendería cosas,  
Que podría estar ardezóna y personas le tendrían miedo de ella,  
En lugar de les está tenido miedo de ellos.

Trató chillar,  
Gritar que le hacían a ella.  
Pero su mamá no la entendió.  
Mamá no la creyó.

After all,  
When they hurt her she felt all hummy inside,  
And her ears buzzed.

Sometimes she would close her eyes and pretend things,  
That she could be sting-ey and people would be afraid of her,  
Instead of her being afraid of them.

She tried to scream,  
To shout out what they were doing to her,  
But her mommy didn't understand.  
Mommy didn't believe her.

Tan seguía ocultado su dolor,  
Y creyendo que la decía su taita.

Seguía volando en sus pensamientos  
Rato la seguía herido su cuerpo,  
Y su corazón.

Ves, nadie la había dicho la niña que  
Nadie había tenido la derecha herirle o golpearle –  
Que adultos no supuesto estar como eso.  
La merecía para personas estarle simpático.  
No es justo para ella tener que huir del dolor.



So she just kept hiding her pain,  
And believing what her daddy told her.

She kept on flying away in her mind  
While they were hurting her body,  
and her heart.

You see, no one had told this little girl that  
No one had the right to hurt her or hit her -  
That grown-ups weren't supposed to be like this.  
She deserved people being nice to her.  
She shouldn't have to run away from pain.

Nadie,  
Ni siquiera su familia,  
Había tenido la derecha tocarle entre sus piernas,  
O en alguna manera <<that made her feel>>  
Aleteón en su estomago,  
O zumbazón y velloso en sus orejas,  
O tenso en sus hombros,  
O arrasaba con muchos miedos,  
Y si lo dijo a alguien,  
Tal vez no la creyó,  
Tal vez la había dicho no decir a nadie,  
Pero eso fue porque no comprendieron.

Nobody,  
Not even her family,  
Had the right to touch her down there,  
Or in any way that made her feel  
Flutter in her stomach,  
Or buzzy and fuzzy in her ears,  
Or tense in her shoulders,  
Or filled with many fears,  
And that if she told somebody,  
They might not believe her,  
They might tell her not to tell anyone else,  
But that was because they didn't understand.

No porque fue incorrecta,  
O porque fue mala,  
Y diría otra persona,  
Diría muchas personas cual estaría necesario  
parar los aleteones a noches  
y los zumbazones miedosas.  
Parar las personas quien  
la tocaba en lugares privados  
y la hería muy mucho.  
Nadie la había dicho que no fue su falta.

It was not because she was wrong,  
Or because she was bad,  
And she should tell someone else,

Tell as many someone elses as it took  
To stop the nighttime flutteries,  
and the scary buzzies.

To stop the people who touched her in private places  
And hurt her so very much.

No one had told her it wasn't her fault.

# Butterfly Wishes

by Erika Harrell

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## First Draft

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She felt like a butterfly  
On her inside,  
And on her outside.

She had butterflies in her stomach,  
Seemed like they were always there,  
And then at night,  
When he hurt her,  
She felt like she just flew right out of her body,  
Like she was fluttering above,  
Watching what was happening down there.

She was told it was right, that she was special.  
She was told it was a gift, that this is what daddies did  
When they really loved their little girls.

She learned to forget, to pretend it didn't happen.

But then,  
There was something wrong with it,  
With what he said.

He said not to tell mommy,  
Not to tell anyone what happened -  
Why she got butterflies in her stomach each night,  
Why she never, ever could sleep.  
He said mommy would hate her.

It was impossible to understand,  
But she believed him.  
What choice did she have?  
He was her daddy.

---

And people had hurt her like this before,  
Hurt her where she went to the bathroom.  
They were meaner, though,  
When they hurt her, they said mean things and  
~~She wished she were a bumblebee.~~

---

After all,  
When they hurt her she felt all hummy inside,  
And her ears buzzed.  
Sometimes she would close her eyes and pretend things,  
That she could be sting-ey and people would be afraid of her,  
Instead of her being afraid of them.

---

She tried to scream,  
To shout out what they were doing to her,  
But her mommy didn't understand.  
Mommy didn't believe her.

---

So she just kept hiding her pain,  
And believing the lies her daddy told.  
She kept on flying away in her mind  
While they were hurting her body and her heart.

---

You see, no one had told this little girl that  
No one had the right to hurt her or hit her -  
That grown-ups weren't supposed to be like this.  
She deserved people being nice to her.  
She shouldn't have to run away from pain.

Nobody,  
Not even her family,  
Had the right to touch her down there  
In a way that made her feel  
Fluttery in her stomach,  
Or buzzy and fuzzy in her ears,  
Or tense in her shoulders,  
Or filled with many fears,  
And that if she told somebody,  
They might not believe her,  
They might tell her not to tell anyone else,  
But that was because they didn't understand.

It was not because she was wrong,  
Or because she was bad,  
And she *should* tell someone else,  
Tell as many someone elses as it took  
To stop the nighttime flutteries and the scary buzzies,  
To stop the people who touched her in private places  
And hurt her so very much.

No one had told her it wasn't her fault.  
~~No one had told her she had the right to say no  
And get away  
From older people who tried to hurt her,  
Or touch her in ways that felt yucky and wrong.~~

But now, you know! And if someone has hurt you, or tries to hurt you, you can say no and you can tell! Tell as many people as it takes until someone helps you. Someone *will* believe you, there *is* help out there. Because if a grown up has threatened you, or told you to keep a secret that feels bad, that makes you wish you were a butterfly who could fly far away. You should know that you don't deserve that.

And know that I believe you,  
That kids don't make this stuff up,  
And you are not alone.

If someone has hurt you, please find a grown up talk to:  
A teacher,  
A parent,  
A counselor,  
An older brother or sister,  
Or a friend's parent  
Or the person reading this book to you.

If you don't know any safe, trusted grown-ups, here are some numbers to call:

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Sintió como una  
manipulación en sus  
cuerpa estomago  
y en su pelo.

She felt like  
a butterfly  
on her inside  
and on her outside





The had butterflies

in her stomach,

seemed like

clumps they

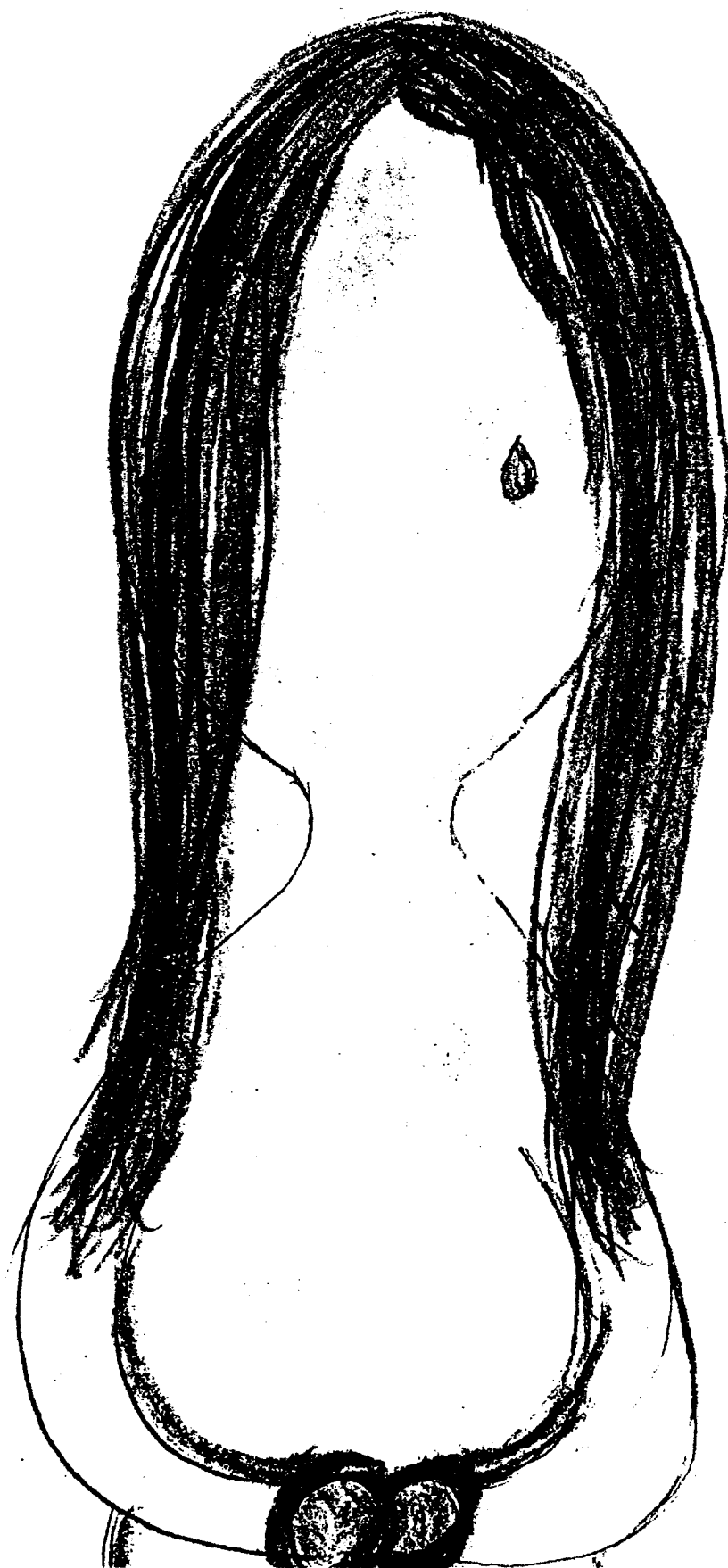
were there,

Two mariposas

in her stomach,

and como siempre

presentes.



~~y pues, anocheció,~~

~~cuando lo ~~se~~ hizo,~~

~~Ella estaba como~~

~~simplemente < flew >~~

~~de su cuerpo, como~~

~~ella fue < flutted >~~

~~above, > verla que~~

~~hacía esa.~~

~~And then at night,~~

~~When he had her,~~

~~She felt like she~~

~~just flew right out~~

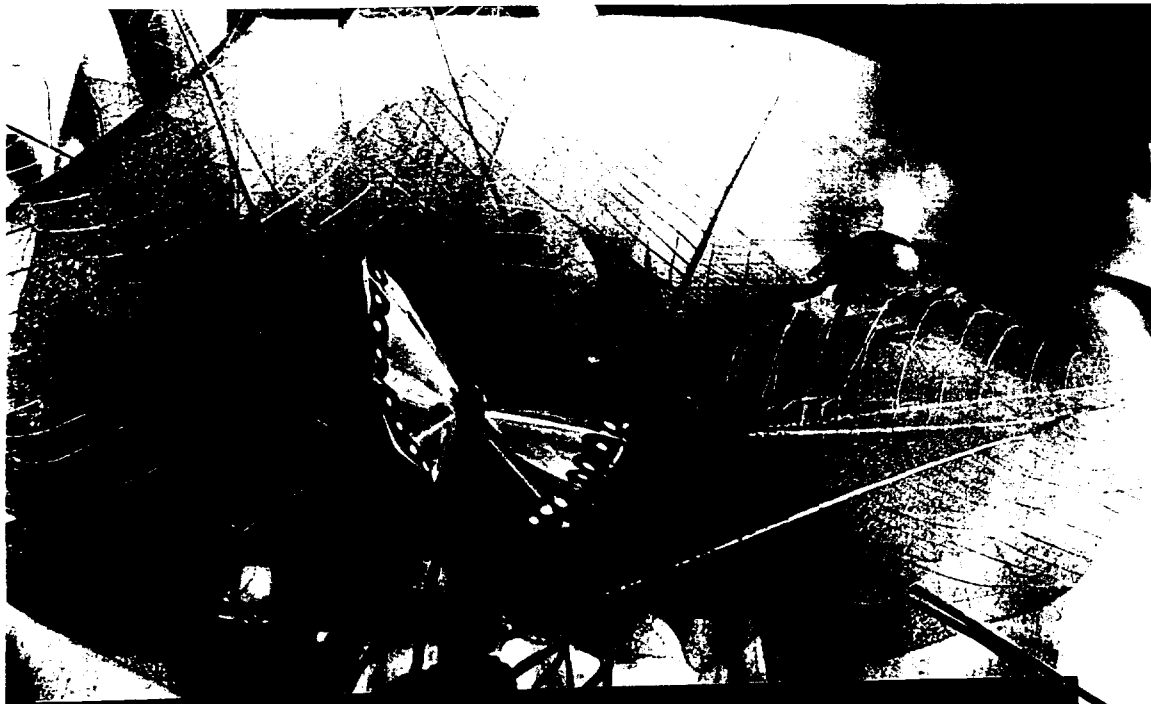
~~of her body, like she~~

~~was floating above,~~

~~watching what was happening~~

~~down there.~~



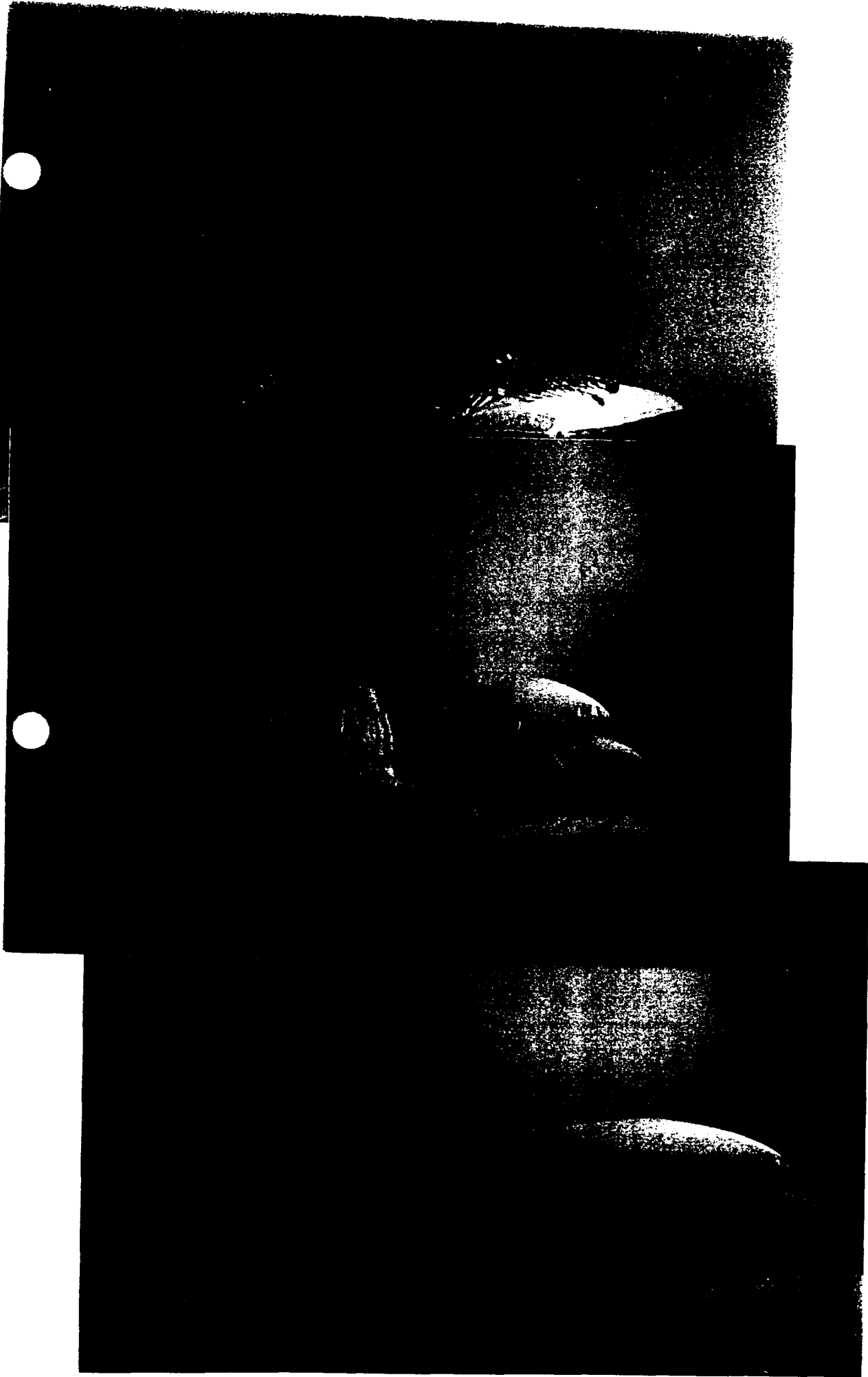






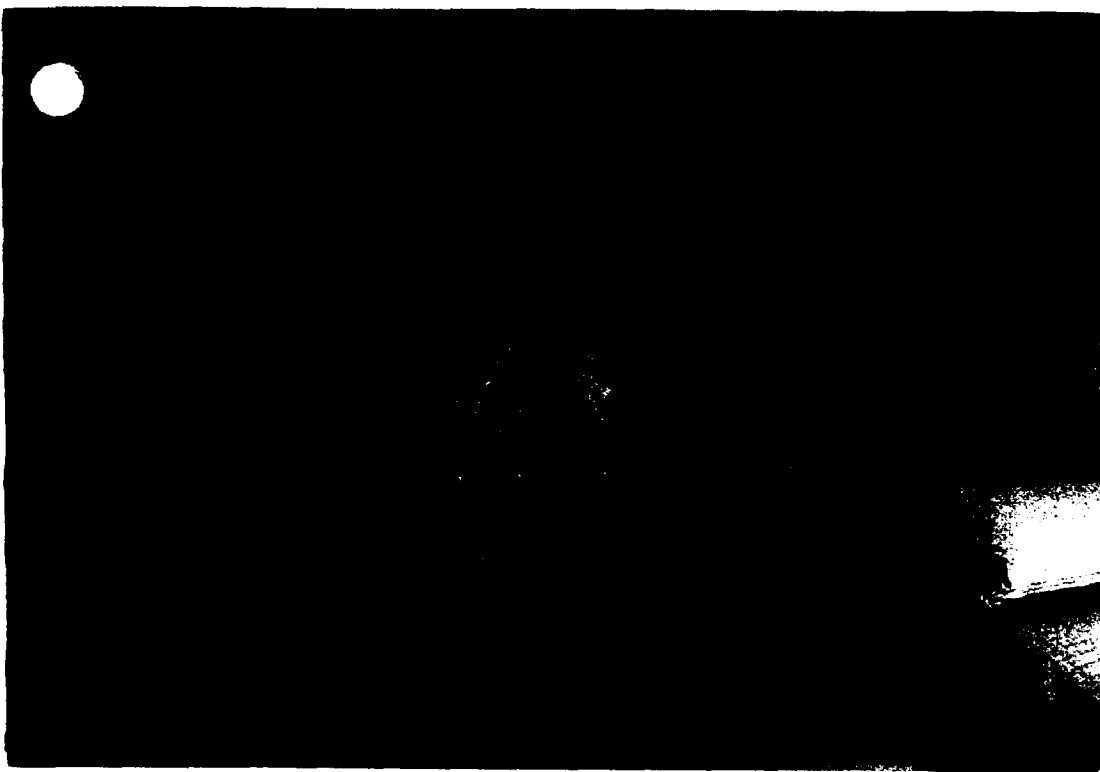


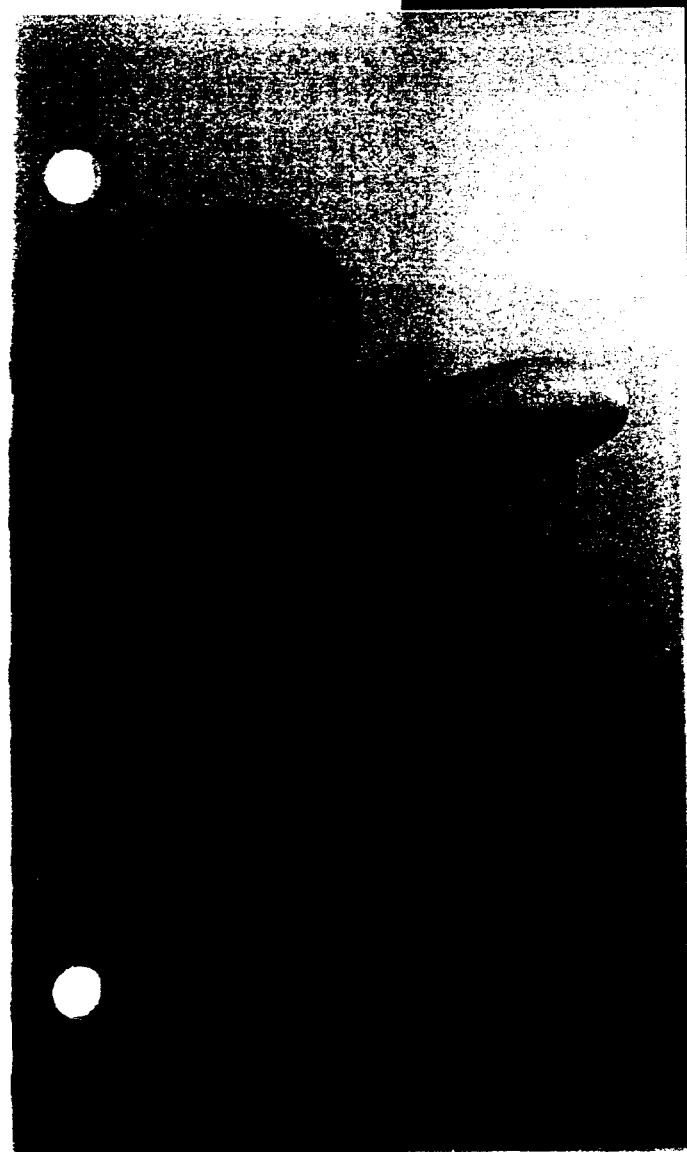


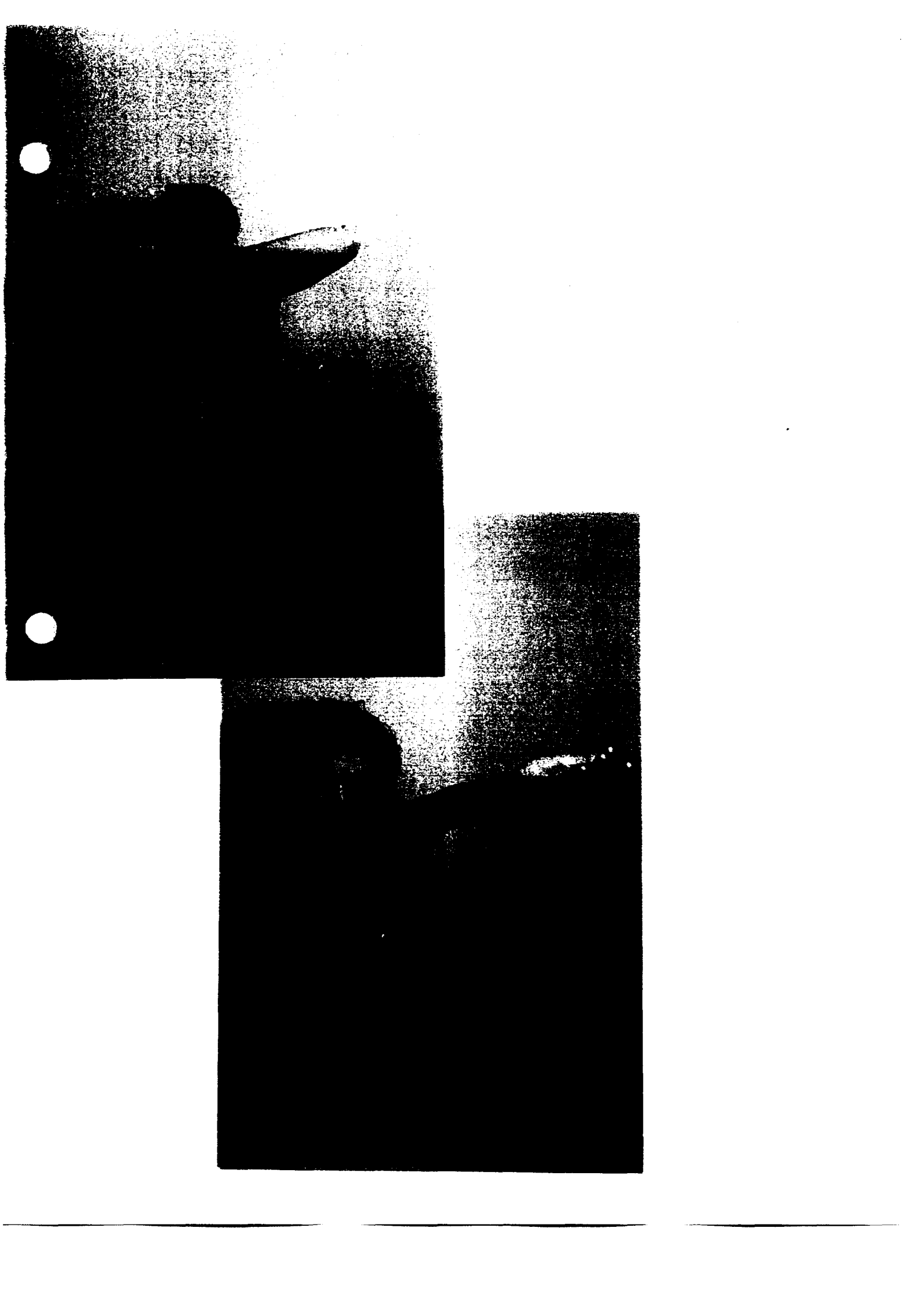


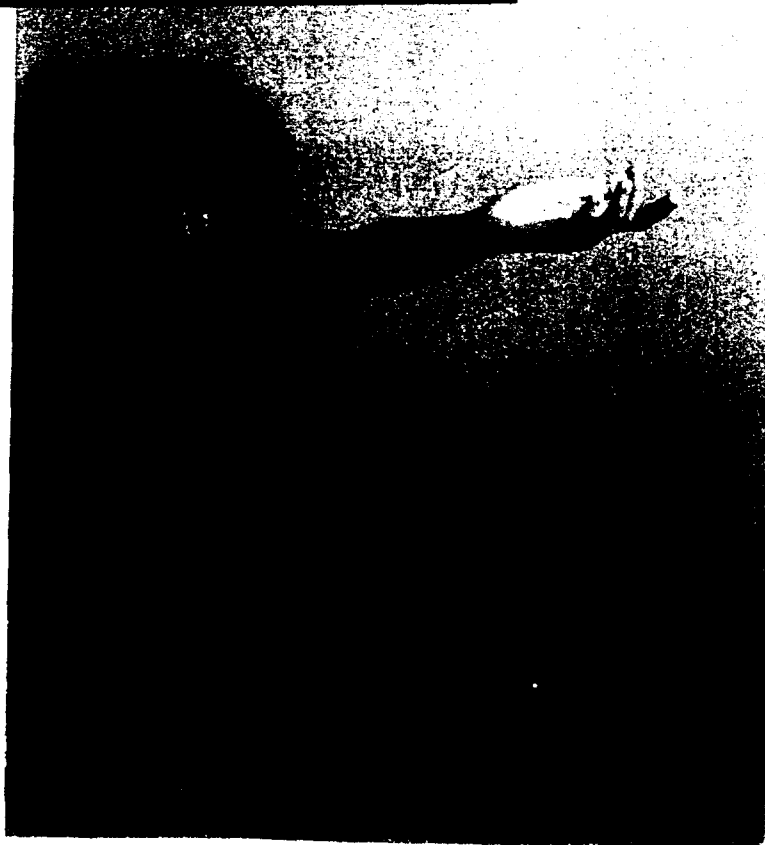
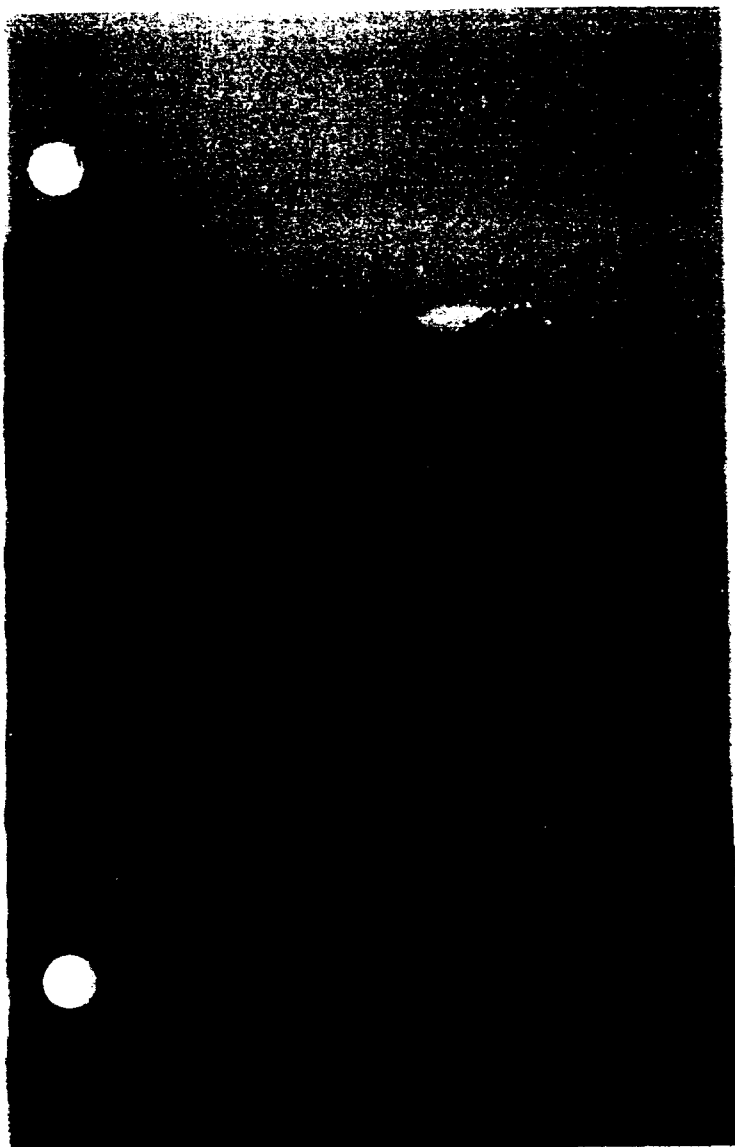












She felt like a butterfly  
On her inside.

She had been in her at  
they were

ed the night  
deep in her  
she felt like she was not  
right out there on a side

like she was fluttering  
about  
watching who was  
opening out there.







She felt like a butterfly

On her insides and on her outside.



#### Lesson 4: Sexual Abuse and Self-Esteem

*This lesson will have more introduction time due to the personal nature of the subject.*

WORKSHEET: *How are you feeling?*

First discuss and clarify our private parts and having someone help you wash versus sexual abuse (the 'uh-oh feeling' etc.).

#### Assessment:

How would you feel and what would you do if:

You saw a movie about unsafe touching?

A friend told you he/she was being molested?

Someone touched you in a private place?

You saw someone older hurting your brother/sister/friend in a private place?

Someone older asked you to touch him or her in a private place?

Close your eyes and keep them closed. Whoever does the best job of keeping them closed gets a sticker.

Now I'm going to tell you some things other kids might do if someone was trying to touch them in a private place. Your job is to raise your hand with your eyes still closed.

If someone tried to touch you in a private place or a way that felt icky would you:

Run away?

Do nothing?

Cry?

Stay silent?

Are these things good or bad?

Take a wiggle and shake break.

If someone had already touched you in a way that felt icky, would you:

Call grandma/aunt/friend?

Not know what to do?

Tell a trusted adult?

Call the police?

Hurt yourself?

Think it's your fault?

Do sexual abuse prevention lesson, based on "Child Sexual Abuse: What your Children Should Know" (Hirsch 1983).

This proven-affective lesson includes four sections: my body is mine, how to say no, it's not your fault, and tell and keep telling.

LESSON: I'm here to talk to you about touching b/c it's a problem for a lot of kids

Three different kinds of touch: Good, bad and confusing

Ask for examples of good touch

- Touch between two people

Ask for examples of bad/upset touch

- Touch between two people

Think about a time that good touches might not feel good:

- shake hands and squeeze real hard
- real hard hug
- tickle too much – you say no and they don't stop
  - how do you feel?
    - funny, puzzled, happy, mad, terrible
- somebody you don't like at all gives you a big hug
  - how do you feel?
    - funny, puzzled, happy, mad

That's a lot of the touches we're going to be talking about, those that make you feel mad, or that you say no and they don't stop, and you have a lot of these different feelings inside and they are kind of confusing.

I want to tell you a story, it's about a girl named Susie, and she's about your age.

While I'm talking, I want you to think about how Susie might feel and what she could do

If you were her friend, what would you tell her to do?

Susie liked to play in her front yard and talk to her neighbors that she knew pretty well. One day she was playing and her friend and neighbor Mr. Jones stopped to talk to her. Then he said, Susie you have a spider on your chest. Mr. Jones: I'll brush it off for you. Susie looks down and sees there's no spider, but Mr. Jones is still pretending to brush the spider off her chest.

- How might Susie feel?
  - embarrassed, mad
- What would you tell Susie to do?
  - Run away, don't talk to Mr. Jones anymore

End of story:

Susie looked down, saw no spider, and felt mad and embarrassed, and sad because Mr. Jones was her friend. She said to Mr. Jones in a big voice, "I don't want to talk to you right now anymore." Susie went inside and told her mom what happened. Her mom said, "Susie I'm real glad you told me. What Mr. Jones did was unfair, and I'm going to talk to Mr. Jones and tell him to never do it again

I'm going to tell you some very important things:

It's your body, you can decide who you want to touch you. It's not fair for people to touch you when you don't want to be touched, and it's really unfair for people to touch private parts, adult or teenager to take clothes off in front of you. We're going to talk about that so you know what to do if that's a problem.

Trust your feelings

- the uh-oh feeling
- if you feel like something's wrong, then you're right
  - repeat
- check it out, tell somebody about it

Another kid w/another problem:

Jane: (think about how she feels and what do)

Jane's uncle Joe, her favorite uncle, would take her for ice cream. One day he came over and they went to get an ice cream cone, while she was sitting there, uncle Joe put his hand on her thigh, and tried to put his hand in between her legs. Uncle Joe said: don't tell anybody about this, and I'll buy you the biggest ice cream cone I can find."

- How would Jane feel?

Sad, embarrassed, mad, silly, scared b/c she wouldn't be able to tell anybody

This was an unfair thing for uncle Joe to do.

- What would you tell Jane to do?

tell mom, say please get your hand off my thigh, take his hand and put it back where it was, tell uncle Joe never to do that again, stop seeing uncle Joe

Ending of story, when uncle Joe did that, Jane got the uh-oh feeling, she felt embarrassed, mad, and sad, she said in a big voice, "Take your hand off my leg. I want to go home right now."

Uncle Joe did take her home. Mom said, I'm surprised that happened, but I'm really glad you told me, and I'm going to talk to uncle Joe and tell him never to do that again.

Practice big voices.

- "No!"

Touch toes, wiggle.....

Let's remember what we talked about: it's your body, uh-oh feeling, if you feel like something's wrong, then you're right.

Final thing, what do you do if you have a problem with this:

Who could you tell:

SAFETY PLAN – worksheet – just discuss numbers

When else would you need to tell someone about something?

If someone hits you

What if it's your dad, and he tells you not to tell or he'll hurt your sister...?

If someone is hurting you with their words.

Threatening you, calling you names (esp. mom, dad, stepdad, mom's boyfriend, etc.)

It's always better to tell.

If you tell somebody and they don't know what to do, or don't understand, keep telling somebody until you get the help you need. It's never your fault.

---Now rank people you could tell – 1-10 or so

---Decorate it with crayons and stickers (so children will be more likely not to misplace it).

Why wouldn't you tell?

Do "fear balloons" activity. Each child gets a balloon, writes one of their fears on it or draws a fear on it, and pops it. Discuss.

Read Butterfly Wishes

Discuss afterward, which reinforces four-part plan.

Do safe body tracing of child:

Draw on a bathing suit, and color different parts of body for 'safe touch' and 'my private places.'

Do self esteem questionnaire

Follow up deficits with praise and discussion.

Discuss what to do to help ourselves.

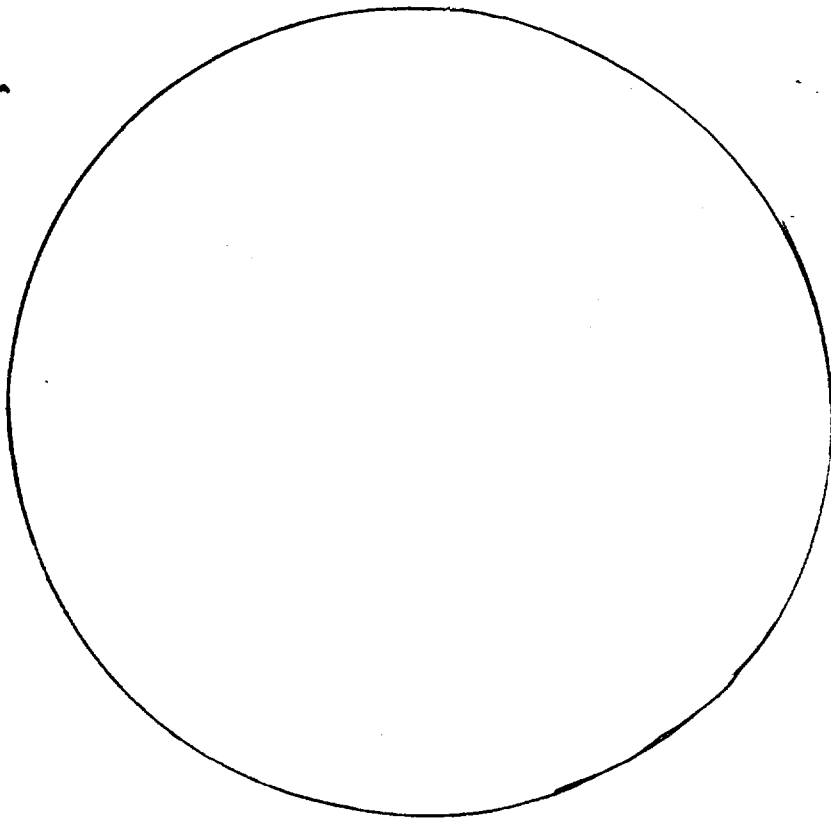
Overall:

Discuss how to communicate to someone you don't like to be touched and where they can touch you.

How to say no (without getting hurt).

How to decide when to take it.

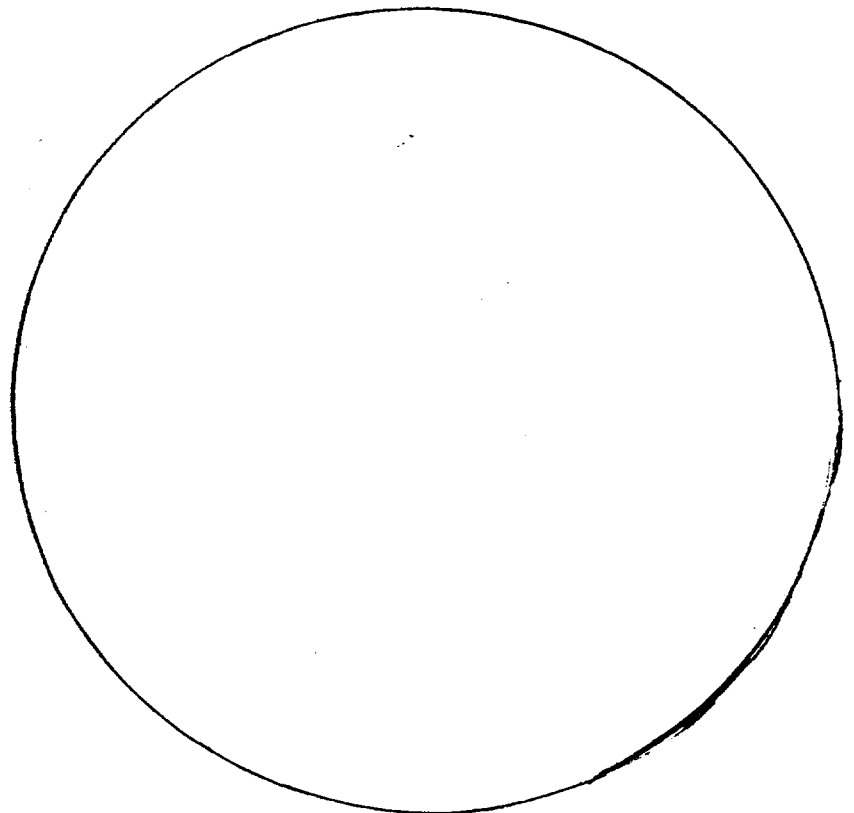
Draw how you are  
feeling today



Draw how you  
want to feel

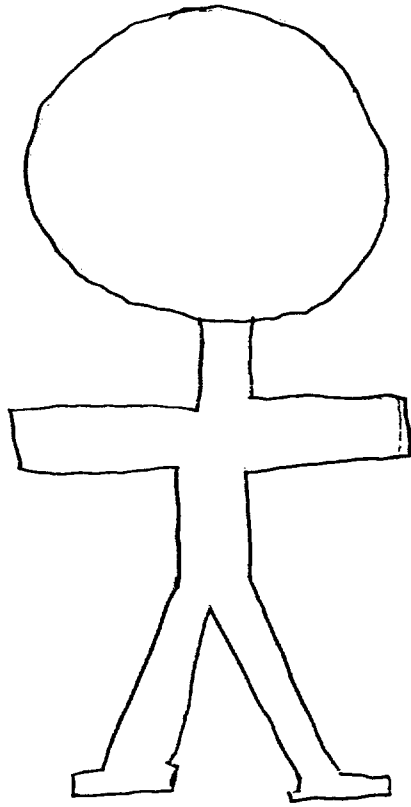


It can be the  
same as, or  
different than,  
your first  
drawing.





# Unique You



What I like about myself :

## *Letter to our Moms:*

Today we talked about safe touch, and helpful and hurtful words. We discussed a few main ideas:

1. **It's your body:** a child can decide who touches her or him, once he or she is old enough to dress and wash self.

**For you:** Take your child's requests for privacy seriously. Everyone has different comfort zones, and not listening to an older (able to take care of bathing) child's requests constitutes *sexual abuse*. Every family has their own beliefs about acceptable states of dress (nudity, etc.) but if one child is not comfortable with that, changes need to be made. Also, since *spanking* includes the touching of a private part, it is considered by many sexual abuse experts to be sexual abuse, and may lead to the same negative affects as other types of molestation. You can also respect your child when he or she **doesn't want to hug or kiss a relative**, for example. If they know their body is theirs, they will be much more likely to be *able to resist a child molester*. This can start very young, even infants can push people away to tell us how they feel.

2. **Trust your feelings:** we discussed the 'uh-oh' feeling and the saying, "If you feel like something's wrong, then you're right."

**For you:** you can demonstrate and model that you trust your instincts and pay attention to your feelings. You can also avoid telling your children, "You don't really feel that way." Or "You shouldn't feel like that." Shouting at kids to stop crying is *emotional abuse*, as well as name-calling, sarcasm, and threatening. Any type of hitting that leaves a mark is *physical abuse*. If you respect their feelings, they will respect their feelings.

3. **Tell:** talk to an adult until you get the help you need to make it stop. I'd like to emphasized that *it is a big deal*, and it will not just go away if the child is instructed to forget about it. **For you:** Never discount a child's feelings. If in doubt, talk to a counselor. The worst you can do is not believe it. With early help, a child can escape the usually sever symptoms that adult victims are prone to.

4. **It's never your fault:** it's *always* the adult's fault, no matter what he/she tells the child.

**For you:** Often an abuser will blame the child's 'flaunting herself,' blame alcohol abuse, or the wife's refusal to have intercourse. We emphasized that no matter what the abuser says, it's never the child's fault. An abused child will need help dispelling the myths the abuser taught them, especially if the abuser is close (family or friend) to him or her. Around 90% of those who molest children are *well known* by the child and his/her parents, or is *one of the parents (primarily the father/step-father/boyfriend)*.

Also, you should know that 1 out of 4 girls and 1 out of 10 boys will be sexually abused prior to the age of 18. That means in a class of ten girls and ten boys, 2-3 *girls* and 1 *boy* will experience sexual abuse before graduation. It is silence that lets it keep happening; victims rarely tell.

As a parent and the primary person your child trusts, I would encourage you to take all reports of bad touch and hurtful words seriously. If you don't believe your child enough to investigate and ask questions, they will learn to keep the silence. If you have any questions, feel free to contact Kristi or Erika at A Better Way - 747-9107.

Thank you!



**When I feel afraid I can**

**Tell someone I trust**

**Ask for help**

**Talk to a parent**

**Talk to a relative**

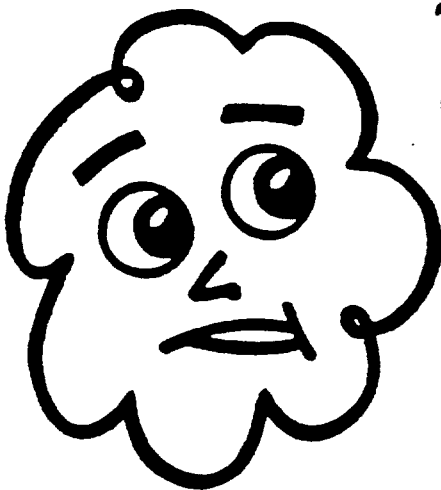
**Talk to a friend**

**Talk to a teacher**

**Talk to a neighbor**

**Go to a safe place**

**Call 911**



**ADD YOUR OWN IDEAS:**

747-9107

288-HELP

1-800-799-SAFE

## **My Work at A Better Way Battered Women's Shelter**

My first week at A Better Way was easier and more delightful than I had imagined. No one was visibly hurt, including the children, which was encouraging. I know emotional scars are present, but I didn't see any bruises. I was mostly with the children, which I liked very much. I recognized a couple of the kids and one of the mothers, and that explained a lot. One of the little boys greeted me at the door with, "Don't I know you? How do I know you?" I remembered him right away – he was in one of the classes for which I substituted. He gave me a lot of trouble in class, and I can now understand why. He was so sweet at the Shelter! He asked me if I wanted to come over and play sometime. I think I will. On Monday night I worked a lot with the babies and toddlers. It's been so long since I've been with little ones. At one point I had a seven-month-old in my lap, another little baby chewing – or should I say gumming – my leg and a one and a half year old balanced on my knee. All of the kids were great, and I really like the other women who work and volunteer there as well. I was kind of just thrown into things and got a lot of on the job training, but that was fine with me. I thoroughly enjoyed myself, and my emotional reaction was not as strong this week as I had anticipated. It was kind of scary as I was leaving my first night, though. I asked someone to walk me to my car because it was dark outside, and she told me they had had quite a scare the night before. One of the women had told her abuser where the shelter was, and he came there looking for her. When they wouldn't let him in, he sat out in his car in front of the building and waited. The police were called, and he drove away. However, it was later apparent that he had only been sitting around the corner because he followed one of the workers home. He got out of his car, cussed at her and shouted about wanting to see his wife. This is very, very scary to me, so I drove around for about a half-an-hour to make sure no one was following me before going home. It makes me more aware of the state of mind some of these women are in. I know it's very possible to become dependent on someone and

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